



P.O. BOX 1891
FAYETTEVILLE, AR
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POTATOE...

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So, originally, this intro-thingy was going to be an analogy.

It was going to be about my kind-of-broken watch. How I'd stopped wearing it for several weeks and just kept it on my counter, noticing that it still kept time, but apprehensive to start wearing it again for fear that it would stop working and fuck up my schedule. And how, sure enough, when I finally did start wearing it again, it fucked up. I was going to compare this amusing (?) little anecdote to my life, and how I keep going back to the same old broken people, places, and habits, even though I know they're just going to fuck me up. Profound, no? But I decided that expounding on that subject would just be depressing and stupid. So I'm just going to briefly discuss a few matters regarding the zine itself and leave the wordy and sage correlations about such things to others whose words are more poetic and precise than my own. So here we go:

1. No interviews this time around. This is due in part to a lack of people I want to interview that haven't been already, and also to the fact that I hate transcribing long-ass interviews probably more than you hate reading them.
2. The handwritten stuff- does it look all right? Is it readable? Should I switch to all capitals, or quit using it altogether? I'd like some opinions on that, as well as the layout in general.
3. For some reason, a couple of other zines decided to give my last issue poor-to-mediocre, unsolicited reviews. I've always been under the impression that, unless someone sends you their zine for review, or you think that it's really great and just want to let people know, you don't review it. Obviously, not everyone feels this way. It may sound like pointless whining, but regardless, I can take

a sincere

THANK YOU!

to everyone who has helped out, befriended, inspired, put up with, or otherwise been too nice to this neurotic, stressed-out, & weird fanzine editor guy:

My parents, the Lucas' - Joey, Rene & Kolby, Holly Ann, Brian F, Wayne D., My patient & understanding roommates Mariah S., Pearl Z., & David D., Chris & Michelle S., Chip K., Theo W., Vanessa B., Karinsa K., John M., Katie F., Mary C., Michael L., Jon P., Jason G., Keith R., Jerm B., Jason H., Matt I. The Smiths, (~~not the band~~) Con Mucho, Alan C., Cuddlecore, Tree of Knowledge, all of Soophie Nun Squad & their cohorts & conspirators, 2 Dean Crew, Hundred Years War, !!!, Dug, Sheri, Jon & everyone else who was kind to me in Chicago recently, all of my friends in the 'ville, F.S., L.R., T., & elsewhere, the waitstaff at ROTC, & Collin M.

recommendations

Cleveland Bound Death Sentence 7" - This is one of the best records I've heard in a long time. Six songs of pure, raw punk rock. Catchy & tough at the same time. This is a studio project of members of some other prominent bands, but it stands completely on its own as an excellent release. You can get it now for three bucks, w/ the band profits going to benefit the Minneapolis Coalition for the Homeless, or you can wait a few years & get it for twenty bucks w/ the profits going to benefit some Scumbag record collector. Your choice should be fairly obvious. On THD Records.

V. Reverse 10" - Fast, structured punk, excellent lyrics, & a solid layout & recording all add up to make this a great record. At 45 rpm's, though, it's also a very short record. Could've been longer, but it's still excellent. On Underdog Records.

Twenty-Two Stories by J.D. Salinger -

This book is a collection of short stories & two novellas, most of which appeared in various magazines & have been out of print since before 1965.

It also includes two expanded Holden Caulfield stories. I don't think I can say anything about the caliber of Salinger's writing that hasn't already been said about a million times before, so I'll just say that this is well worth picking up. I may not have mentioned that this is an unauthorized publication, so don't expect to see it sitting next to "Catcher in the Rye" at Barnes & Noble.

Burn Collector Fanzine - Simply put, it's just brilliant writing on a wide range of subjects. It's one of my favorite zines around, & every issue is worth getting. Essential.

Other recommendations - Skinny-dipping, Assück-tive, Matt & Manual Resistance Fanzine, Soophie Nun Squad, Any & everything by Dillinger 4, Engine Fanzine, Doris Fanzine, Hundred Years War-live, Rolling Rock in the big bottles, Fradus-live, Mark Lewis (LA), Lawrence Kansas, Yaphet Kottler live, Benson's (FS), Murder City Devils-live, Anything by Submission Hold, Answer Me!, Twinkle Fanzine, & kids from Florida.

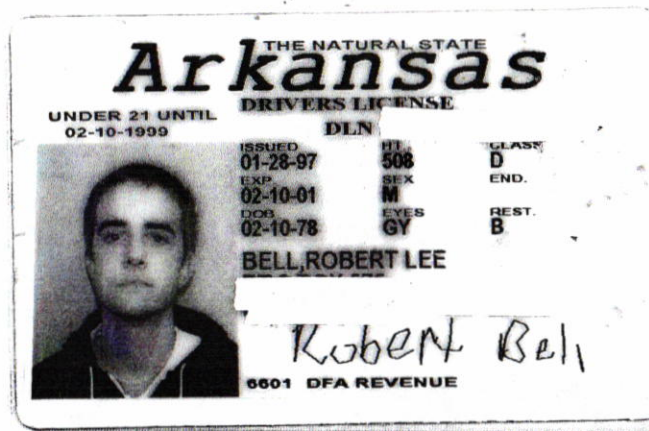


a bad review if I send someone my zine to be reviewed. If not, it's kind of like, well, who asked you? If you come across a copy of this and just really want to review it, ask me. More than likely, I won't say no.

4. Keith does an excellent fanzine called Avow. Send him a couple bucks for one, you won't regret it.
5. Next issue is tentatively going to be the "Small Towns Issue" which will be all stories and observations about growing up and living in small towns. By small, I mean 30,000 people at the very most. I'll be taking contributions, as well as asking a few of my friends to write for it. Get in touch w/ me for a deadline.
6. Write me! Whether or not it appears that way, I do put alot of work into this, and I'd love some feedback. Positive, negative, neutral, just let me know what you think.

Thanks.

- Robert
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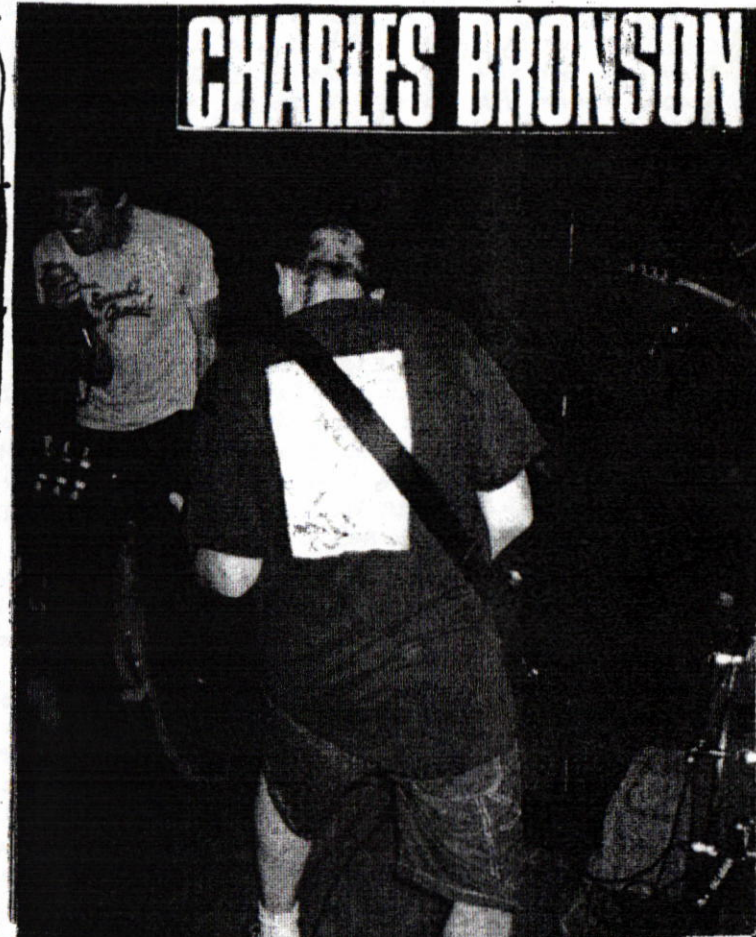
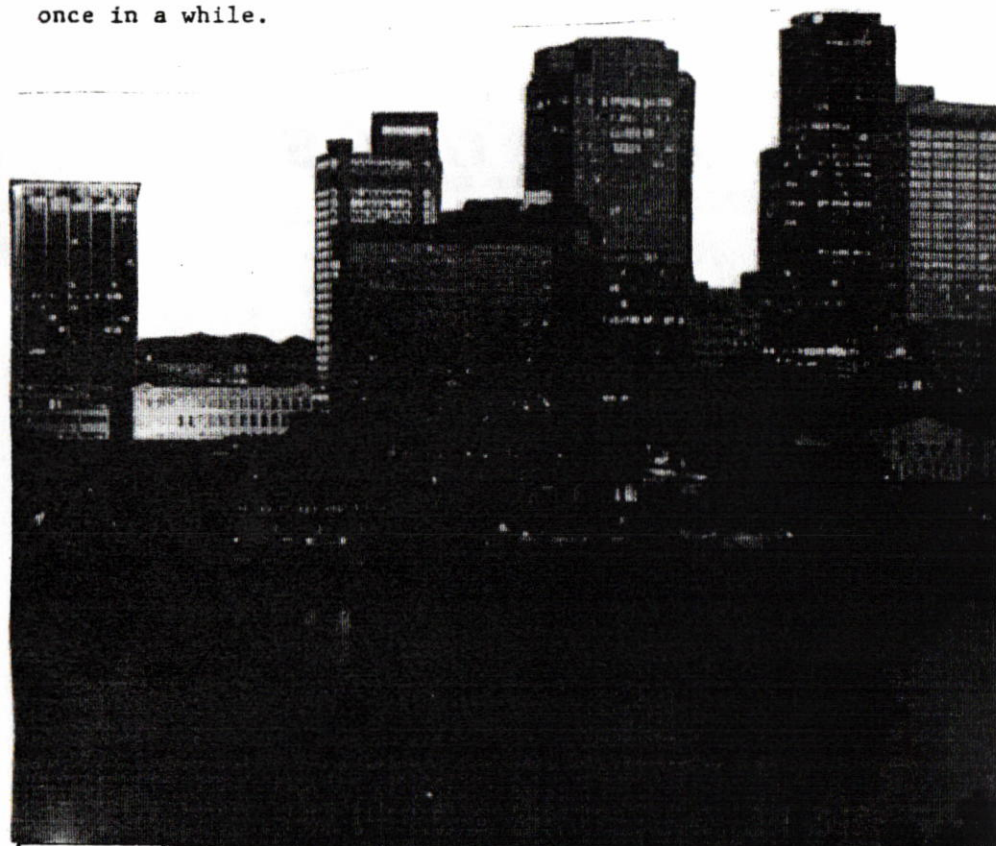


p.s.- the pepsi id card at the top has a couple of typos. First, I was born in '78 not '79. Second, although at times I've been pretty dirty, I don't think I've ever had moldy fingers. I think they misunderstood when my mom told them I have a mole on my right finger. It's a good thing that nobody ever kidnapped me, the cops would have been looking for a grubby kid a year younger than me.

TWENTY-TWO STORIES
J.D. SALINGER

Okay, so, you're probably wondering what the hell happened. Well, I'm sorry that things didn't work out between us. I really wanted them to. Really. I thought that we had alot to offer each other. So much potential, so many possibilities and new avenues to explore. I liked you alot. But have you ever tried to glue two things together and they just don't stick. No matter what you do, and how hard you try, they just won't stick. Well, for whatever reason, I just couldn't seem to stay w/ you. Other factors just kept pulling me away, and truthfully, I felt like I'd never really be a part you. I felt like I'd always be an outsider, but not because of anything you did. In the words of a pathetic character on some dumb sitcom, "It's not you, it's me." I hope you don't think me too much of a flake, I really tried, but it just wasn't working. So before this gets much more sappy and stupid than it already is, I'll just say that I hope you understand and I'll be back to visit once in a while.

a shit, Tim was washing his face in the sink when these two drunk rednecks walked in. They, of course wasted no time in starting to fuck w/ him. Jerk #1: "Gawdamn son, did ya spill ketchup in yer hair?" Tim (laughin nervously): "Uh, no. It's just Pink die." Jerk #2: "Pink!?! Are you queer er somethin'?" Tim (no longer laughing): "Uhhh..." by this point the 'necks were getting pretty loud and obnoxious, and I'd come up w/ a brilliant plan: I'd run out of the stall screaming, and throw my shit on them. Then, while they were still confused, I'd stab 'em w/ my pen!!! But my plan never came to fruition, as they just left w/out a fight. I was glad, though. I mean, I would hate to waste perfectly good feces on a couple of mulletted idiots. After that, our night calmed down and regained some vestige of normalcy. We went back to coming up w/ elaborate plans for tim to squat out the building on the corner of north 7th and A street, but instead just walking back to my apartment.



Tim was a walkin' maniac. It seemed like every time I saw him, he was walking. To Benson's. To the thrift store. To Texas. to some house where he was living, down a dirt ~~the~~ road, 12 miles out of town. But no matter ~~where~~ what his destination was, people were constantly bombarding him w/ insults, threats and bottles. He was pretty resilient, though, and it never really seemed to get him down too much. But crazy shit was just always happening to him. Tim was ~~homeless~~ homeless most of the time, so on cold November nights we ~~used~~ used to just walk around. And of course, wherever we went, strange goings-on were never far behind. We spent a good deal of time roaming the streets downtown. We'd talk about everything under the sun. He would show me the various abandoned buildings he'd slept in and give me pointers on staying in them. "Ya see, the key to not getting busted at the old service station is to sneak in when you're sure that nobody is looking, & then, once you're in, lay down low until you're ready to leave." ~~He~~ He also had a real knack for pointing out the subtleties of the buildings. Like the fact that the initials for the State Office Building are, indeed S-O-B. Or, that on one particular night, the doors to the Garrison building were unlocked. Neither of us having ever been in the building, and likewise, neither of us having ~~anything~~ anything better to do, we came to a decision fairly quickly. The lobby was pretty boring, so it was- TO THE ROOF! As we made our ascension, things began to get weird. The doors to the second and third floors had signs posted stating, rather ominously:

**THESE DOORS ARE TO REMAIN UNLOCKED
AT ALL TIMES. UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY
IS A VIOLATION OF FEDERAL LAW,
AND PERPETRATORS ARE SUBJECT TO FINES
AND/OR JAIL TIME.**

Needless to say we didn't visit the second or third floors. The entrances to the fourth through eighth floors were all open. We explored each one and found them to all be identical. Each floor was lit w/ only one ~~red~~ red lightbulb, all of the doors were locked, and they all gave you the feeling that at any second, alarms would start sounding and armed stormtrooper-like thugs were going to come rushing in and carry you off to some room to interrogate you. We were pretty creeped out by the time we reached the ninth floor. All the rest of the floors were locked, so we left, still feeling pretty sketchy from floors four through eight. We both had to use the bathroom, so we ventured to the Holiday Inn. While I was in a stall taking

It was pretty typical luck for me. I return home from being out of town for a while, & while driving by some friends' house, see a party in full effect. I get out, start socializing & who shows up but Fort Smith's finest. It was just ripe for a bust, though. I mean, thirty or so punk kids milling around in the yard drinking, at a house that's on a busy street is just asking for trouble. The cops start taking up ID's, looking for the people over 21, most of whom have fled into neighboring hedges & backyards. But a few of them don't make it. By this point, the cops have begun making witty banter & smug faces at those of us sitting in the yard. Such clever remarks as, "God damn, ya'll a buncha freaks." → laughter of the other cops. The replies: "At least we're not cops." "My dog ate them." & "They're lip rings." don't garner quite the same response from the boys in blue. Matt's really drunk, & sick of pigs oppressing the punks all the time. He starts off mouthing to the cops, then ends up mouthing to the cops, handcuffed in the back seat. Then, for some unfathomable reason, Tall Tim, who's been up on the roof during the whole fiasco, decides to come & start up a friendly chat w/ one of the officers: "Hey, what's goin' on?" "How old are you?" "Twenty-three, why?" "You're under arrest." I asked Tim a couple days later why he came down from the roof. He told me he couldn't just sit there while his friends & house-mates got busted → & do nothing. Hmmm... Well, okay Tim, whatever you say. I'm 19 & lucky. Too young to get busted for contributing, but old enough that the cops can't call my parents. Finally, after a lot of degrading comments & general rigmarole, the cops let me go. I drive home, really glad that I didn't take the 40 Scott had offered me seconds before the cops showed up. Guess my luck could've been worse.



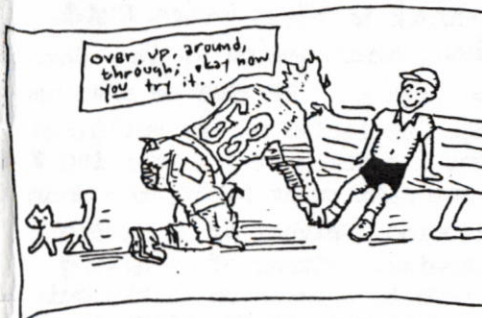
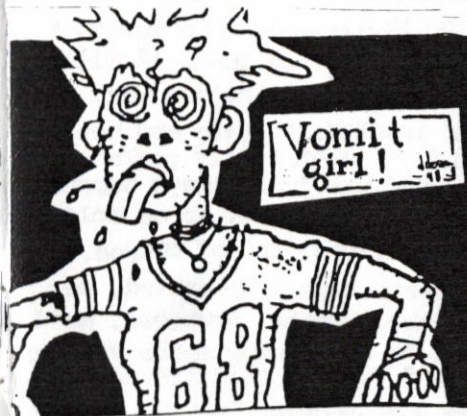


twelve year old drummer and a singer who swings from the rafters. We had never heard of any of the bands and didn't know how to get to the place, but Bryan said he would drive. "Cool.", I said. Mike said nothing. It seemed absurd, but as I strongly believe and will tell anyone that asks me, sometimes you've got to do really absurd things, just for absurdity's sake. So we drove and drove, and Mike said nothing. Along windy, curvy state highways, through the woods on gravel county roads, and down a seemingly endless dirt driveway until we finally arrived. Mike had uttered not one word the whole time. It was a pretty diverse group of people who had gathered there for that show, all wearing different things around their necks. There were punk kids, who were sporting the traditional spiky dog collar or chain, emo kids w/ polyester collars, and some kinda jock-lookin' kids, their necks mostly adorned w/ bored girlfriends. But the award for "Most Absurd and Therefore Best Neck Garnish of the Evening" had to go to the hesh kids who were wearing real, live SNAKES around their necks! Seriously, there were, like, four kids wearing live snakes and Deicide shirts. Hmm... well, whatever inverts your cross, but I think I'll stick to wood beads. I'm fairly sure that they're not going to up and asphyxiate me for no reason. We had missed the first band, but arrived just in time for the magic show put on by a little kid in a tuxedo. It was rad. But I guess it takes more than a well dressed seven year old performing magic tricks to get Mike to talk. The emo band was kinda Jawbreaker-ish, the metal band kinda Pantera-ish. Their singer did, indeed swing from the rafters and had what was quite possibly some of the largest hair I've ever encountered. I was pretty impressed w/ the sheer absurdity of it all, but the only thing Mike said was that the singer of the Jawbreaker-ish band was pretty. At this point, the show was over, so we ambled back towards our cars through the pitch black woods. Bryan, Mike and myself got into his small hatchback and Nathan and Aaron got into Natha n's enormous pickup truck. Due to the utter absence of any light, Nathan backed into an unseen Nissan, smashing out the left headlight and turn signal.



Uh-oh. Bryan freaked and hauled ass outta there. We were spinning out and fish-tailing all over the narrow dirt road. I thought we were sure to crash into a tree or something, and voiced this opinion quite loudly. Bryan disagreed, and Mike, of course, said nothing. Once we were back on the main highway, Bryan began to calm down. We had begun to chat about the events of the evening, when all of the sudden Mike started talking. Actually, that's putting it pretty mildly. Let me rephrase that: All of the sudden, Mike launched into perhaps the longest, loudest, funniest, most confusing, and totally absurd (and therefore Best) story anyone has ever told me. I couldn't recite all of it if I tried

Mike hadn't said much all night. We had shown up at my friend Aaron's house a few hours earlier and all the introductions had been made. Aaron had told us about a show that was going on later that evening at some house in the woods in the middle of nowhere. It was going to be a punk band, an emo band, and a heavy metal band w/ a

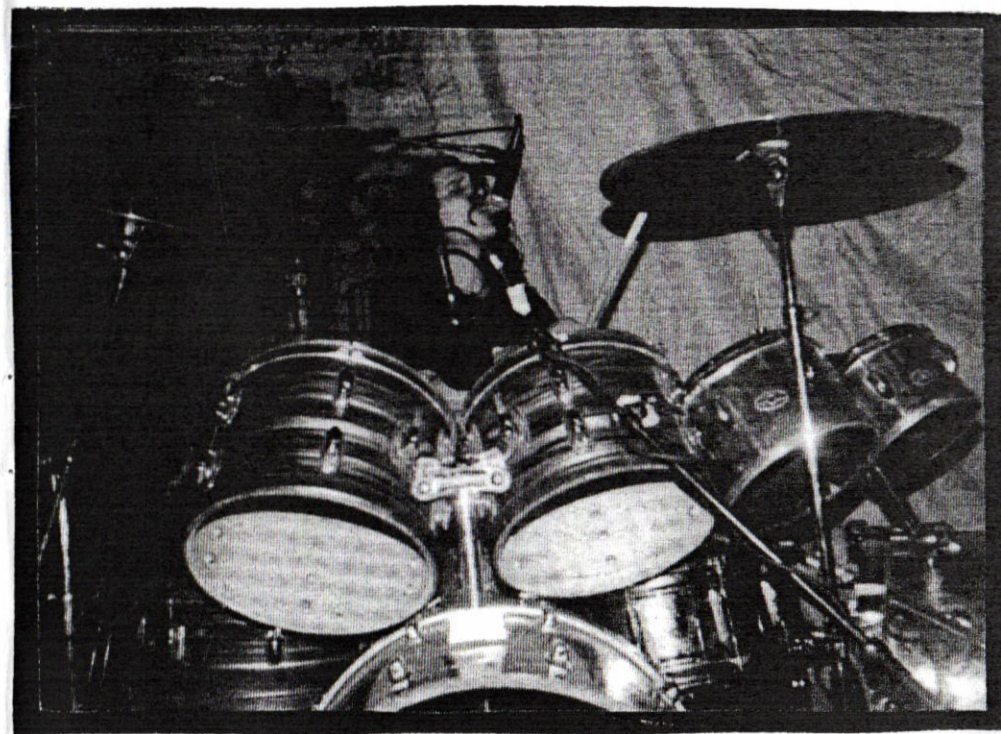
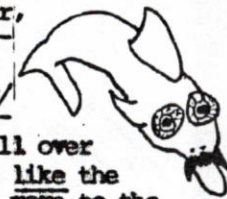


vomit girl comes to us via the talented pen of David Dean.

I picked up a bottle of Reed's ginger ale and asked the guy how much. "That, it is \$1.29." "Oh." "Ahh, fuck it! for you, 99 cents!" Awesome! That night, I went to Berkeley for a show at Gilman. I forget who played, but it was a hell of a long walk from the BART station on Shattuck to the club. Here are the only things punk kids in California have ever voluntarily said to me: "Do you have any change?" "Do you have a cigarette?" "Do you have the time?" I left before the second band finished. One frustrating thing about going to California is that all the really good shows are coming up shortly after I leave. A couple years earlier, I missed seeing Fifteen's last show by four days! AAAARGH!!! Most of the rest of my time was spent reading or just walking around all day long. I felt like a complete tourist. It was pretty much a mixture of fun and crushing loneliness. It's like, I had a good time and all, but it was really alienating to be all alone, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of people. I would go days w/out saying much of anything. As minor as this sounds, one of the high points of the trip was this street drummer. I was walking back to the hostel one night and I passed by him. The guy was an absolutely amazing drummer! Towards the end, he started singing, "I just wanna thank you, for lettin' me, be myse-e-elf. I just wanna say!" It was just that one line, over and over but he sang and played w/ such intensity and enthusiasm. It was really inspiring. I would like to say to the guy, wherever he is, Thank you for putting a big smile on my face, in the midst of one of the loneliest times in my life. Sometimes, it really is the little things that get you by.



but the high points included: Mike and friends tripping on all sorts of acid and Nyquil in Eureka Springs- Meeting a mustachioed nutcase from San Francisco named "The Dolphin" who had a suitcase full of what appeared to be bags of cocaine- listening as "The Dolphin" regaled them w/ tales of drinking and debauchery while referring to himself in the third person- Making fun of "The Dolphin", who was unaware of his ridicule- Growing tired of "The Dolphin's insane, incoherent babblings- Two kids sneaking behind "The Dolphin's back to his car, letting the air out of his tires and putting it in neutral- "The Dolphin's car rolling backwards down a hill and smashing into a wall- One of the kids taking off w/ "The Dolphin's suitcase full of coke- "The Dolphin" becoming enraged, pulling out a knife and chasing them all over downtown Eureka yelling, "What's the matter? Don't you like the Dolphin?!"... and on, and on, and on... There was alot more to the story than that. I think at one point, it even involved a drum circle of naked hippies, but I can't remember for sure. The whole thing lasted about 25 minutes w/ Mike implementing hand gestures and voice characterizations, and me and Bryan exchanging stunned looks. It was kinda like a volcano that hasn't erupted in centuries suddenly blowing it's top, leaving us covered in the sooty ash of it's unexpected words, thinking, "Where the hell did that come from?!" I thought the story would never end, but upon arriving back at Aaron's house, Mike stopped talking almost as abruptly as he had started. We both stared at him in disbelief, exhausted from the lengthy tirade and expecting more at any moment. But Mike, said nothing...



now that's a drumset! DYSTOPIA photo by Chronic Joe



Next to motorcycle rides & canoeing, I think that walking around at night is one of the most therapeutic & absolutely necessary activities I know of. It's great for sorting out some of those thoughts bangin' around inside my skull. However, some people tend to think this is an abnormal activity. Which wouldn't really be all that unfortunate, if it weren't for the fact that a lot of those people have badges & guns. So, on one of those evenings that I

was out taking a walk, I was stopped by one of the ever-so-friendly & helpful city policeman. He rolled up behind me in his patrol car. I continued to walk a few paces even after he turned his spotlight on me. Leaning out his window he exclaimed, w/ some indignance, "Well? Are ya gonna stop?" I turned around, surprised. "You'd think if I shined a big ole light on ya that you'd stop!" "What are you out doin' this evening?" "Taking a walk."

"Hmmm... You're 'taking a walk'. Doesn't it seem a little odd to be 'taking a walk' at 3:30 in the morning?"

I told him that I liked to walk at night, & no, I don't think that it's odd at all. He asked if there were any guns or drugs or other weapons on my person. I stated that I had a pocket



Ah, ten days in San Francisco. A much needed escape, and I'd saved up enough money for it to be a comfortable ten days. Enough money that I could fly out there, eat well, and maybe make a few frivolous purchases. I'd gotten a cheap airline ticket and a traveling companion, both out of Tulsa. But upon showing up at the companion's

house the night before we were supposed to leave, I was greeted w/, "Hey, what's up? What are you doin' in town?" Well, scratch the travel partner, looks like I'm flyin' solo. 6:30 a.m. rolls around pretty damn fast, and by 8:00 it's goodbye T-town, hello friendly skies! First stop- Salt Lake City. Damn, those mormons must own stock in Delta or somethin' cause I didn't see a single other airline in that whole terminal. After a lengthy layover and a turbulent flight, I arrive in San Francisco to find El Nino in full effect. Yup, it's raining. But it's pretty much cleared off by the time I reach the city. I had made arrangements to stay at a youth hostel on Mason st. so I hoofed it there and got checked in and all. Hostels were a new thing for me at the time, and after staying in one for a while I can tell you this- it is an absolutely unique and essential experience. Where else can you get a clean, safe room, access to kitchen facilities, a small library and return to your room to be greeted by a 250 pound ~~Argentinian~~ wearing nothing but his underwear? All for around 15 bucks a night? In a hostel, that's where! But seriously, staying in a hostel is a great experience. You'll meet so many people you never would if you just stayed in hotels and punk houses. I met about a zillion kids from Japan, a rad guy from Australia, and a German woman who had just got back from being a crew member on the Sea Shepard. After I got settled in, I walked around and soaked it all up. It felt kinda like a dream, but I think it was just jet lag. I was pretty hungry, so I went and grabbed what was to become the staple food of the trip- The giant \$1.50 slice of pizza. After that it was time to go to sleep. The next morning, I found myself faced w/ a minor dilemma- What to do? The answer for that day, and most of the next week and a half came in the form of the Mission district. This is one of my favorite parts of any city anywhere. Bright murals, great thrift shops, restaurants and record stores, I love it! And the people who live and work there are really friendly. I walked into a market that was a weird mix of half health food store and half liquor store.

Man, if there's one thing I hate, it's when my friends turn into nostalgic drunks. What happened to the times when they cared about things that didn't necessarily involve getting completely wasted? Yeah, I like to drink.

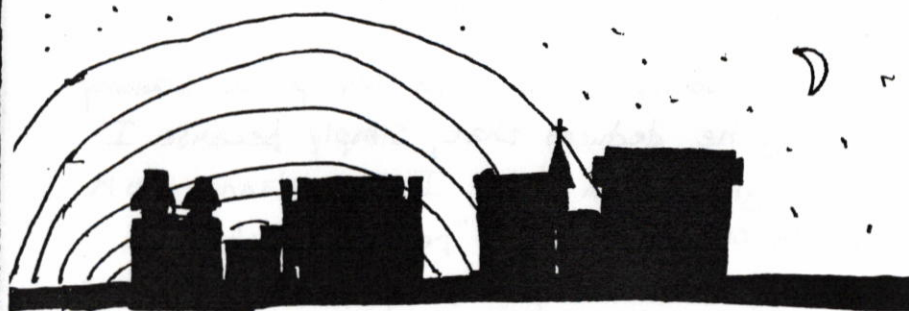
And sometimes I get drunk and act silly and that's fine, I enjoy myself. But every goddamn night? No thanks! now, it seems like every conversation is filtered through a screen of slurred speech and reminiscing about things that happened "Back in the Day" I swear to God, if I ever use that phrase in anything more than a tongue-in-cheek capacity, just shoot me right then and there. "Remember when we used to drive around all night and shoot out coke machines? And after a while, our hands would start to smell like burnin' wires?" "Yeah, that was pretty fun. Why is it we don't do that anymore?" "Remember when goin' to shows used to be fun, before all the posers showed up and started ruining the scene?" Yeah, I still do go to shows. And some of those "posers" are fun, enthusiastic kids.

"BACK
IN
THE
DAY..."

But you wouldn't know that because you're too busy intimidating and looking down your nose at them to ever find out. Plus you haven't been to a show in six months, so who's the one ruining the scene. But what I want to know is, what memories will we be romanticizing in another few years? "Remember when we used to sit around drunk, talking about the time we..." Well, maybe you will, but I plan on sitting on the porch drinking and talking to somebody about the things we did that night. And the things we're planning for tomorrow night. ★ ★

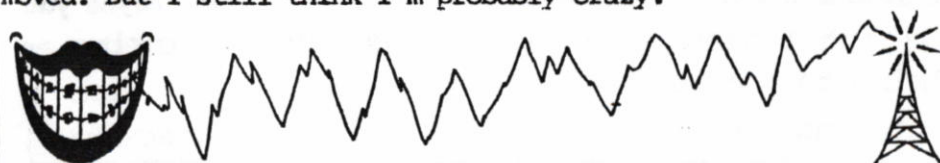
knife. He took my ID & my backpack to see if I had a warrant out or any "illegal items" on me. I bet he was pretty surprised when, instead of a sheet of acid, a pistol, & a severed hand, he found a weathered copy of SCAM, underwear, & my folder of zine originals. Next on the list for this evening's tax-funded harassment was the old, "Now, you're not under arrest, but what I need you to do is turn around & put your hands on your head"-line. While he was patting me down he said he hoped I didn't feel too "put out" by all of this. After some brief consideration, I decided against telling him that, no, I just loved it when this kind of thing happens. I mean, it sure would be bad if he mistaked my enthusiasm for sarcasm. He pulled out my knife & said, "Now, what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna take 'n shove this knife way down in yer pocket so ya don't pull it out real quick-like 'n stab me w/ it." Wow. I was pretty impressed. Using logic no doubt gleaned from his police academy training he deduced that, simply because I have light brown hair, I was planning on pulling out my knife "real quick-like" & stabbing him. But, only by putting it deep into the recesses of my pocket did he avert a near-stabbing. I tell ya, us criminals

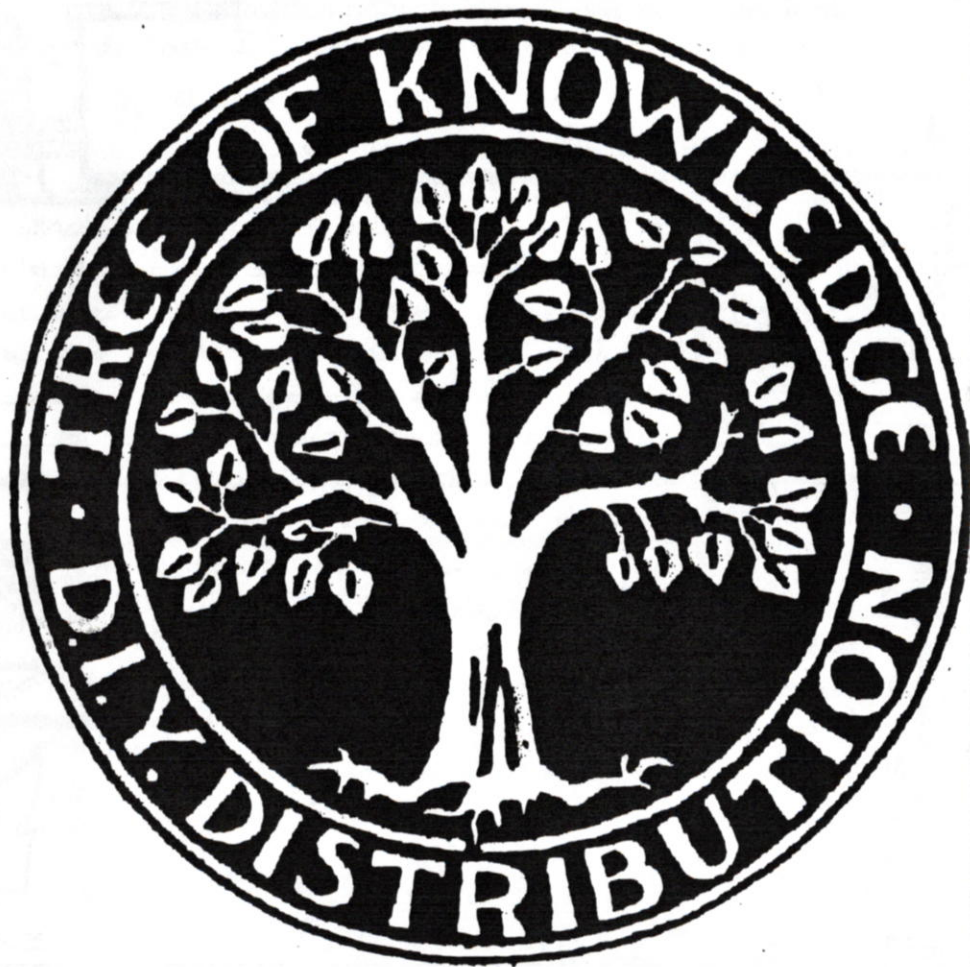
today, we don't stand a chance against such intuition & guile. His subsequent instructions were for me to sit on the sidewalk while he ran a background check on me. Finding that, w/ the exception of getting my name written on the board in third grade, I had a pretty clean record, he returned my belongings. He even told me that, while it was a bit "odd" I was, in fact, not breaking the law. What!?! You mean walking down the street minding your own business is legal!?! Well if that don't just beat all! I was wished a good evening & began my walk home. So, in conclusion, I would like to extend my deepest gratitude to the Wonderful police department for keeping our sleepy little college town virtually free of crime by stopping every scumbag found walking around after midnight. Thanks alot, guys. I sleep much better knowing that you're out there protecting everyone from the likes of me.



FAYETTEVILLE

I had been laying in bed, sleepless, for about an hour that night when I first heard it... faintly, as if at a distance: a drum beat, the unmistakable, unpleasant sound of steel guitars, and a twangy, irritating voice. Wonderful. Someone had left the radio on downstairs. Like I wasn't having enough trouble sleeping already. But, if I just ignored it then maybe I could get to sleep... nope. I really didn't want to get out of bed, go downstairs to the kitchen and turn off the radio. So, I covered my head w/ a pillow. Hmmm, that's weird, I could still hear it. wonder why that is? I go down stairs, intent on shutting off the stupid radio and getting some much needed sleep. But none of the many stupid radios are on. Maybe it's coming from outside. A quick look around verifies that it's not coming from outside, either. I go back to bed, confused, and lie down. I listen for a second and it's back. Same beat, same guitars, same irritating voice. Where the hell is that coming from? I shut my windows and plug my ears, but I can still hear it. It was at this point, friend, that I began to get somewhat panicky. If I'd plugged my ears up and could still hear the music, then something was seriously wrong. And at a point in my life when one of the only constants was my nagging, irrational fear of insanity, this odd phenomenon did nothing to help ease my mind. I went in to my fathers room and woke him up. "Dad, do you hear anything?" "Huh?" "Do you hear music?" "...No." "Well I do. Dad I think it's finally happened. I think I've lost my mind." "You're hearing music?" "Yeah. Country, but really faint." "Go to the closet and get a coat hanger." "Huh?" "Just do it. Now, touch it to your teeth." "What!?! " "Trust me... Did it get any louder?" "Yeah, a little bit. What the hell is going on here?" My father then began to explain to me some of the scientific principles behind radio waves. e.g. the fact that anything metal picks up radio waves, and if it's connected to two objects that are a certain distance apart, those objects begin to vibrate, resulting in the sound of whatever is being broadcast. You see, at the time, I had braces. This was all very comforting to me. As was the fact that it stopped when, a couple weeks later, my braces were removed. But I still think I'm probably crazy.





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ARKANSAS IS...

by keith rosson

the place where i was born, and the place i was taken away from, thirty days old.

the place i came back to over twenty years later to visit relatives. the blood of my blood, to see my dad's side of the family for the first time since i was a month old.

the place i went to see friends, people i'd only written to, or talked to over thousands of miles of phone line.

a three and a half day bus ride from westport, washington through some of the most beautiful country and torturous, monotonous, ass-and-mind-numbing travel conditions i've ever been a part of. greyhound is synonymous with pain.

a dapper old bus driver in a coach's uniform telling us somewhere in missouri, "i'll get ya'll to little rock by 10:15 tonight, god willing and the creek don't rise."

meeting mary and sarah around 10:30pm at the little rock greyhound station, travel numb, and going over to a house and meeting a bunch of kids there. and then seven of us getting in a van and being on the road, heading for the detroit festival by 11:30.

trying to get in touch with relatives in mountain home. the only rosson in mtn. home, the operator told me, was a bobby joe, who had no idea who the fuck i was and had never heard of my family.

the egon schiele drawing at the arkansas art center that i missed seeing by a day.

watching the wonderfully terrible crisco kids play live on the radio, lifting me right out of my blues.

blumpies.

missing the ocean really bad.

a crazy dog almost biting me after a food not bombs meeting.

feeling lonely sometimes. missing friends back home.

pinching the filters off my cigarettes and putting them in my pocket.

walking along the river in downtown lr, looking at old straight edge graffiti and listening to mary as she told me about the time she found a 'rusty shotgun on it's banks.

getting sick and staying sick until i made it home. coughing my guts out.

the old das yutes building downtown, boarded up like a ghost.

seeing the tree of knowledge office and listening to the tell stories about john, the kid who ran into mcdonald's wearing a ski mask and nothing else, and tried to order a hamburger.

standing in the heat, waiting for the greyhound again. heading out for new york and not really sure if i accomplished what i set out to do in arkansas.

a group of tightly knit, dedicated, active kids attempting to instigate change. attempting to make their actions match their ideals. thanks.

you all inspire me. - Keith
222 SW Pine St #538
Portland OR 97204

He says he's hungry & wants to know if I want to stop & get some "What-once-walked", then laughs in my face when I tell him I'm a vegetarian.

We arrive in Memphis alive & intact & I can hardly believe my watch. If you drive really fast, it takes a little over two hours to get from Fort Smith to Little Rock. It takes at least another two hours to get from Little Rock to Memphis. But it seems that we have traversed the entire width of Arkansas in three & a half hours. I'm both amazed & slightly frightened at the same time.

I guess it was worth it, though I got to see the Descendents & stay at the Holiday Inn & all I had to do was put my life in extreme jeopardy. Somehow Brooke had gotten free tickets to the show, & her dad paid for our room & gas, so I didn't have to shell out 2 time for the whole trip.

We woke up the next day & drove around in circles downtown for hours while Brooke's dad gave us wild-eyed looks & told us about the time he broke his back in a motorcycle accident.

Going home was pretty much the same ordeal as getting there. Three & a half hours of passing, weaving, classic rock, & crazy stories. All w/ me in the backseat, feeling & probably looking, like I was having a heart attack.

It's the only time I know of that I've ever been scared for my life by someone's driving. And I say that w/ the utmost sincerity. We weave in & out, around & through the traffic, passing cars & trucks w/ sometimes mere inches of clearance on either side.

Brooke's dad makes me nervous. He tells me how he never gets speeding tickets. He tells me about the finer points of stealing cable. He tells me that, God damn but this little Honda will haul some ass. And when he tells me about flying his plane over downtown Fort Smith & under the Garrison bridge, all w/out a license or a single flying lesson, I believe him. He just seems like one of those kind of guys.

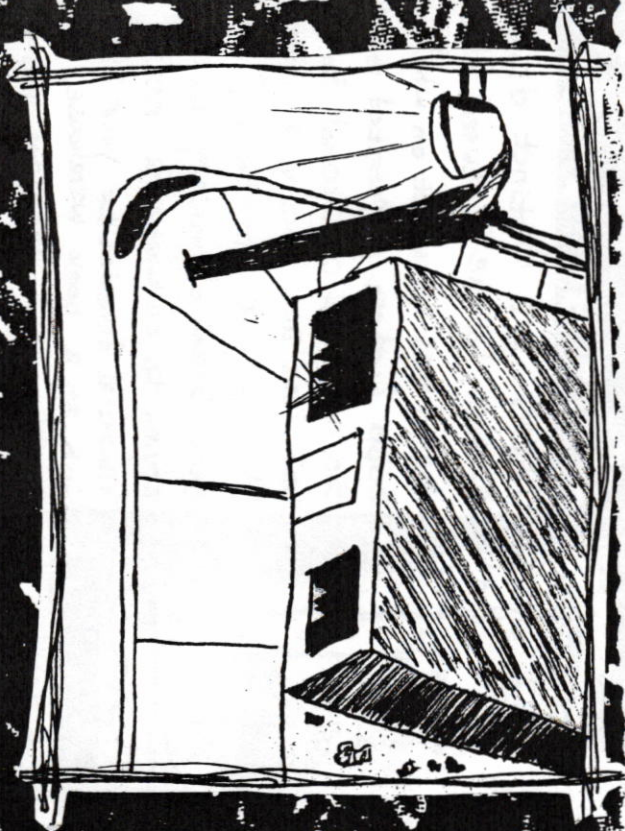
When we pass a cop, stopped by the side of the road outside of Little Rock, he slams on the brakes so hard that the seat belts lock down when I jerk forward. The cop starts to pull out after us, but then stops. "HA!", he screams defiantly, "Fucker didn't clock me!"

The trees & billboards & other cars all become a blur as we reach what must be closing in on the speed of sound. Meanwhile, he tells dirty jokes & somehow always manages to escape from being boxed in by angry truckers. We listen to Black Sabbath, but that does little to calm my frizzled nerves as he passes a blue truck on the median. I scream at him, "What the hell are you doing?! You're not supposed to drive on the median!!!" He looks at me as if I've lost my mind & says, rather indignantly, "So?"



There is a distinct difference, for me, between the bad ideas you act on while sober & those perpetrated under the influence of alcohol. Sober bad ideas are usually a more thought-out, intentional, & long term brand of misery. Like trying to cultivate a near-fanatical devotion to your stupid job at a book warehouse, or moving in w/ an ex. Drunken bad ideas are more urgent, humiliating, & disastrous. Like sitting around my apartment drinking 40s of "Malt Liqueur", then going for a walk downtown. I don't think that I could personally conjure up a more doomed scenario than that, but when combined w/ the near-insurmountable curiosity that occurs when passing by an abandoned building w/ a large boat





inside it, the outcome can't be good. Such was the case one evening last year, & I can tell you this much: better judgement was not exactly in abundance. So, to cut right to the chase (or in this case, the capture) we had been inside, inspecting the boat for perhaps fifteen

seconds when a green van w/ tinted windows rounded the corner. A van which, unfortunately for us, just happened to be full of police officers who were soon to be shining lights in our eyes & asking us all sorts of dumb questions. It was pretty much the standard routine, until one of the cops asked us if we knew about "anything called copwatch". Whoa, scary! We of course played dumb & turned the inquiry back on him. He said he didn't know what it was either, but that they had recently busted some kids

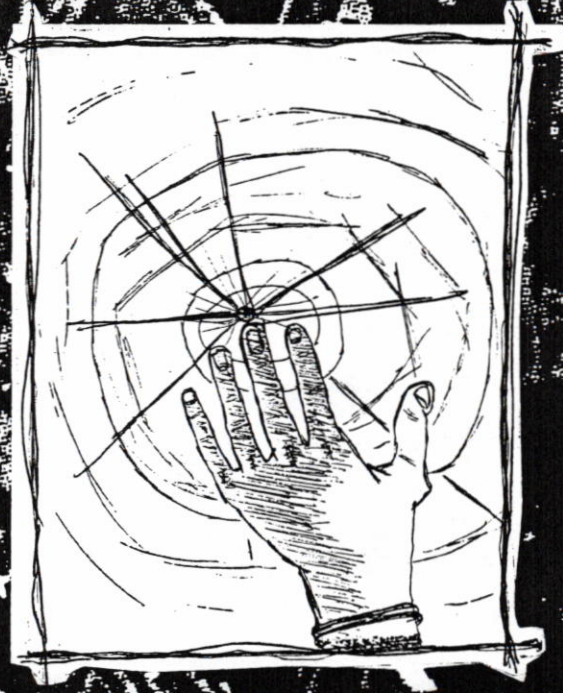
creepy locks. I could feel it in my belly that somethin' was flyin', but I didn't say nothin'. We'd been drivin' a long time, without either of us sayin' much when he turned off onto some back road outside of Reithville. I asked him, I said, where are we goin', this ain't the way to Texarkana. Next thing I know, he reaches over and starts feelin' up my leg. I pretty much just started freakin' out, screamin' and yellin'. He started to go for the gun on the dash, so I grabbed the steerin' wheel and jerked real hard to the right. The truck almost ran off the road and the pistol fell off into the floorboard. He was screamin' and cursin', but he got back in control of the truck and started reachin' for that pistol again. But before he could get to it, I pulled out my knife and jabbed him real hard in the neck with it. I'd always kept my knife real sharp, so it went right in. I was scared as hell and I just wanted outta that truck. He was tryin' to scream and gurglin' and just bleedin' all over the place, so I reached over with my foot to slam on the brake. Just as I jammed my foot down, he leaned on the steerin' wheel, and I think that's what made the truck flip. I'm not sure how many times we turned over, but it's a miracle that I'm alive. We ended up layin' in the ditch on the driver's side of the truck. I kicked the door on my side open, grabbed my pack and crawled out. I'm surprised I had the presence of mind to even remember my pack. It still all felt like a dream, you know, kinda like when you get in a fight or into deep trouble at school or with the cops. I walked back to the main highway, covered in blood from the guy, and from a pretty good gash on my forehead from the wreck. I was still clutchin' my knife, which was also covered in blood, so I shoved it in my pocket. I'm lucky I didn't stab myself with it. I didn't even check to see if that bastard in the truck was still alive, and I don't really care, either. May I figure, if he's gonna be touchin' people like that, then tryin' to pull a gun on 'em, we're probably all better off if he is dead. I mean, who knows what he woulda done if I hadn't had my knife with me. It was completely dark out by this point, and there was a gas station up the road about a quarter mile. I ran all the way there, and hid from the passin' cars in the tall grass. The station was closed and I really needed to clean up, so I broke out the window of the men's room and crawled in. And that's where I stand right now, still covered in blood and tryin' to figure out what I should do. Obviously, I need to clean myself up, but, what do I do now? I've gotten this far, and God knows I don't wanna go back to Mary now. I ain't ever really been out of Louisiana much, so maybe I'll just keep headin' north...



the store to get some milk and bread, and I was standin' in line with a buncha old men and one kid who was a couple years younger than me. The old men were just gabbin' like they always do, talkin' about the weather, and how this is the hottest summer since '51. Well, then the kid said somethin', I don't even remember what it was he said, but all the old men nodded and agreed with him.

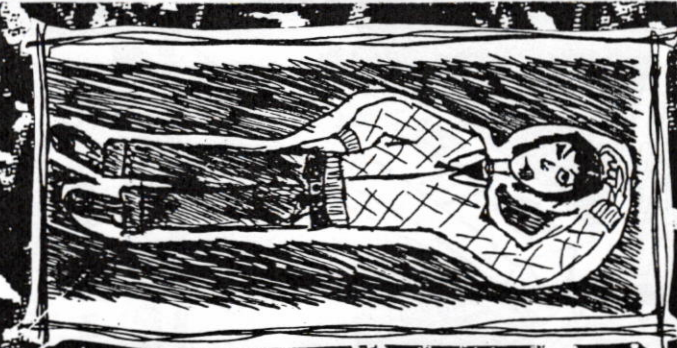
All of a sudden I had a realization. I realized that the kid was no different than the old men. He'd probably stay in his whole life, have a job and a family, get old, and stand around with all the other old men, talkin' about the weather. He was just an old man waitin' to happen. Right then I just kinda snapped. But instead of goin' crazy, it was like I'd suddenly gone completely sane. Everything became real clear to me. I had to get outta Many that day. That minute, even. I set down the bread and milk and walked outta the store and back to the house. Dad was passed out on the couch and Jeremy was watchin' cartoons. I walked back to my room and filled my backpack with clothes, a small pillow, and strapped my sleeping bag on the back. Then I reached under my mattress and grabbed the switchblade I'd got from Brian Bailey for a half ounce of weed. Dad was still passed out, so I left him a note on the fridge sayin' that I was takin' off for a while and not to worry about me. I grabbed some of the money we kept in a jar in the cabinet behind the sugar. I told Jeremy goodbye, and that I'd see him soon. He didn't seem to understand that I was gonna be gone for a while, so he just smiled and happily waved bye-bye. That really got to me, and I'd be lyin' if I said my eyes didn't tear up a bit on my way out. Poor kid, but I'll be back soon, it ain't like I'm never gonna see him again. After a short stop at the gas station for a sandwich and a coke, and some beef jerky for the road, I started walkin' north on 171 with my thumb stuck out. It wasn't too long before I got picked up by this black lady who sang along with gospel tapes real loud. She was nice, though, and she didn't try to put any of that religious crap over on me. I mean, I believe in God and all, but I ain't much for other people tellin' me how to run my life. She was pickin' up her sister who lived in Mansfield and then they were goin' to Dallas for some big revival or somethin'. I wanted to keep goin' north so I told her thanks for the ride and she dropped me off in Mansfield. Nice lady. It was here that my trouble started, though. About 7:30 in the evening, I'd had my thumb out for quite a while when this beat up old red International pickup truck pulls over. As soon as I got in, I knew I'd made a big mistake. Sittin' in the driver's seat was this dirty lookin' guy, maybe 50 years old, with a pistol on the dash. He asked me what my name was and where I was headin', and I told him my name's Dale and I'm headed north. He said he was goin' as far as Texarkana, but I could ride as far as there. He didn't say a whole lot after that, but he just kept givin' me these

who looked like us & were supposedly involved w/ it. Who the hell could that've been? They didn't end up arresting us, but the worst part was that there were a couple guys sleeping in the building. My heart just sank when the cops discovered & began interrogating the very confused, very bearded pair. Here were two guys whose slumber was disturbed by a trio of drunken

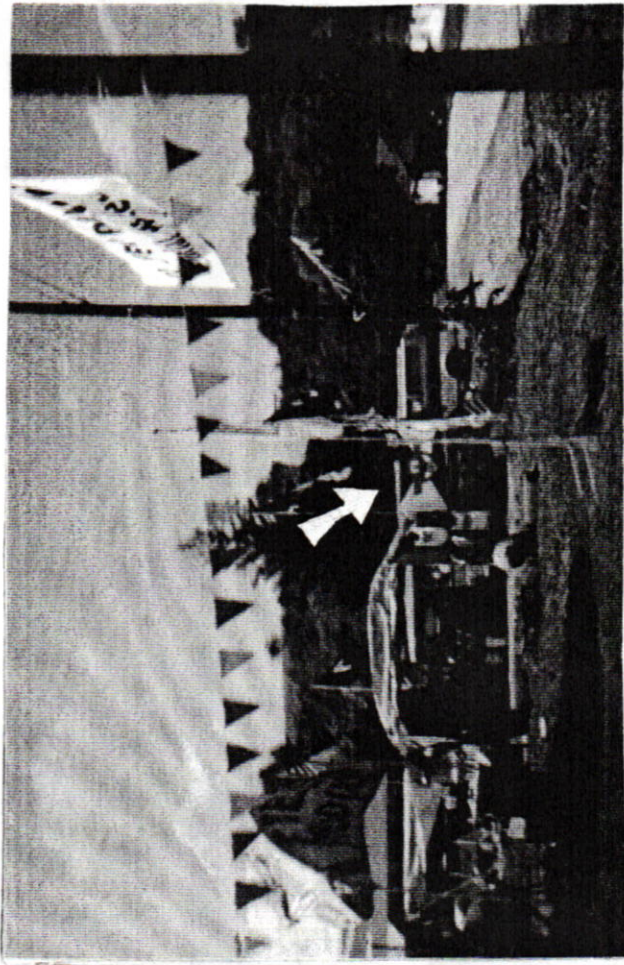


PART ONE

assholes, & the small army of peace officers in their wake. I decided that it would be a good idea to try to convince one of the cops to leave them alone on account of our not wanting them to get in trouble because of us. He shot right back w/ some advice to the effect that we should make ourselves scarce, unless we wanted to be arrested, of course. Faced w/ those options, we took the obvious choice & left. Curiosity may not have killed it that night, but you can bet the cat walked home feeling like the world's biggest jerk.



I like the way blood looks when a couple 'a big drops of it hit a sinkful of hot water. It don't quite dissolve at first and it looks kinda like red ribbons, floatin' down outta the sky. I s'pose I should tell you why I'm standin' over a sink in a gas station bathroom all covered with blood. Ya see, I sorta got into a car accident. Well, it wasn't so much an accident, 'cause it was my fault. I mean, I made it happen intentionally and, hell, I'm glad it did. Now that probably sounds like a pretty damn sorry thing to say, you know? It's like, you shouldn't ever be glad to cause a car wreck, like those kids that throw bricks offa overpasses. But I'm glad I caused this wreck, 'cause, otherwise, I might not be here. I'll explain why that is, but first lemme tell you a little bit about myself, and how it is I got to this point in my life. My name is Dale Chesteron, I'm 17 years old, and I've lived in Mary, Louisiana every one of those years. I was born on July 20th in 1972 in the backseat of a green Ford station wagon which now sits rustin' in the front yard of our house. I live with my dad, Richard Chesteron and my brother Jeremy who's 15 and kinda slow. It's just the three of us, since my mom died bringin' Jeremy into the world. My dad's kinda on the unemployed side 'a things. It's not that he's lazy, really. I mean, he has a real hard time workin' since he hurt his leg at the chip mill. But sometimes it seems like he don't even wanna have a job. And every time he does get one, he screws it up by cussin' his boss the first time they don't see eye to eye. See, my dad's got kind of a temper. When he gets mad, his face turns all red and he just blows up like a volcano or somethin'. But he ain't ever lifted so much as a finger to me or Jeremy. So he just lays on the couch, mostly, drinkin' and tryin' to come up with ways to get rich without workin'. Then there's my brother Jeremy, who's kinda slow. I love him to death, but he just ain't quite all there. He gets made fun of alot and that makes me madder'n hell, so I end up gettin' into alot of fights at school. School's pretty much the pits. 'Specially since my best friend Charlie Slims moved to California. His dad got some sorta promotion or somethin', so they just up and moved. Charlie was my only real friend. I mean, I got other friends, but it just ain't the same. See, me and Charlie, we always understood each other and got along real well. Maybe it's 'cause we were both always gettin' beat up so much, Charlie for bein' kinda small, and me for havin' a retarded little brother I've had the crap beat outta me many times takin' up for Jeremy, but I'll be damned if I'm just gonna sit there and listen while some loudmouth picks on my little brother. So, as you can probably see, my life in Mary ain't all that wonderful. I've always known deep down, that I'd leave someday, but I never thought it'd happen like this. I always thought I'd join the army or rob a bank or smethin' and take off, never to be seen in Mary again. But it was nothin' like that at all. See, this mornin', I went to



It's funny, really. Just when I start thinking that, hey, maybe things are getting better. Maybe people's attitudes are changing. That's just when some asshole disproves that notion. Driving through Alpena, AR on highway 62, you may notice a few little tents and shacks selling t-shirts, hats, flags, and such. I had always heard that most of these places were run by the KKK. Well, one afternoon I found out for sure. Passing by, I looked out the window in sheer disbelief. There among the rebel flags, and other bullshit was a fucking swastika flag, right out in the open! What the FUCK!?! I slammed on my brakes and made a U-turn, driving back by to see if my eyes had merely deceived me. Nope, no optical deception, just some good ol' fashioned ignorance and hatred. The guy at the tent just smiled and waved sarcastically, as if to say, "Yeah, well what the hell are you gonna do about it?" I could not believe this! My hands were literally shaking w/ rage. I mean, that reflects so horribly on our state, and the rest of the South too. And while I know that not everyone in the south is racist, some Jewish couple from the northeast or somewhere who are passing through on vacation might feel differently. I got into a long argument w/ my dad over this about people's individual rights, and I am all for civil rights, but nazi's aren't. So that fucker better not be too surprised if his tent goes up in flames someday.



words by me
pictures by collin



Oklahoma



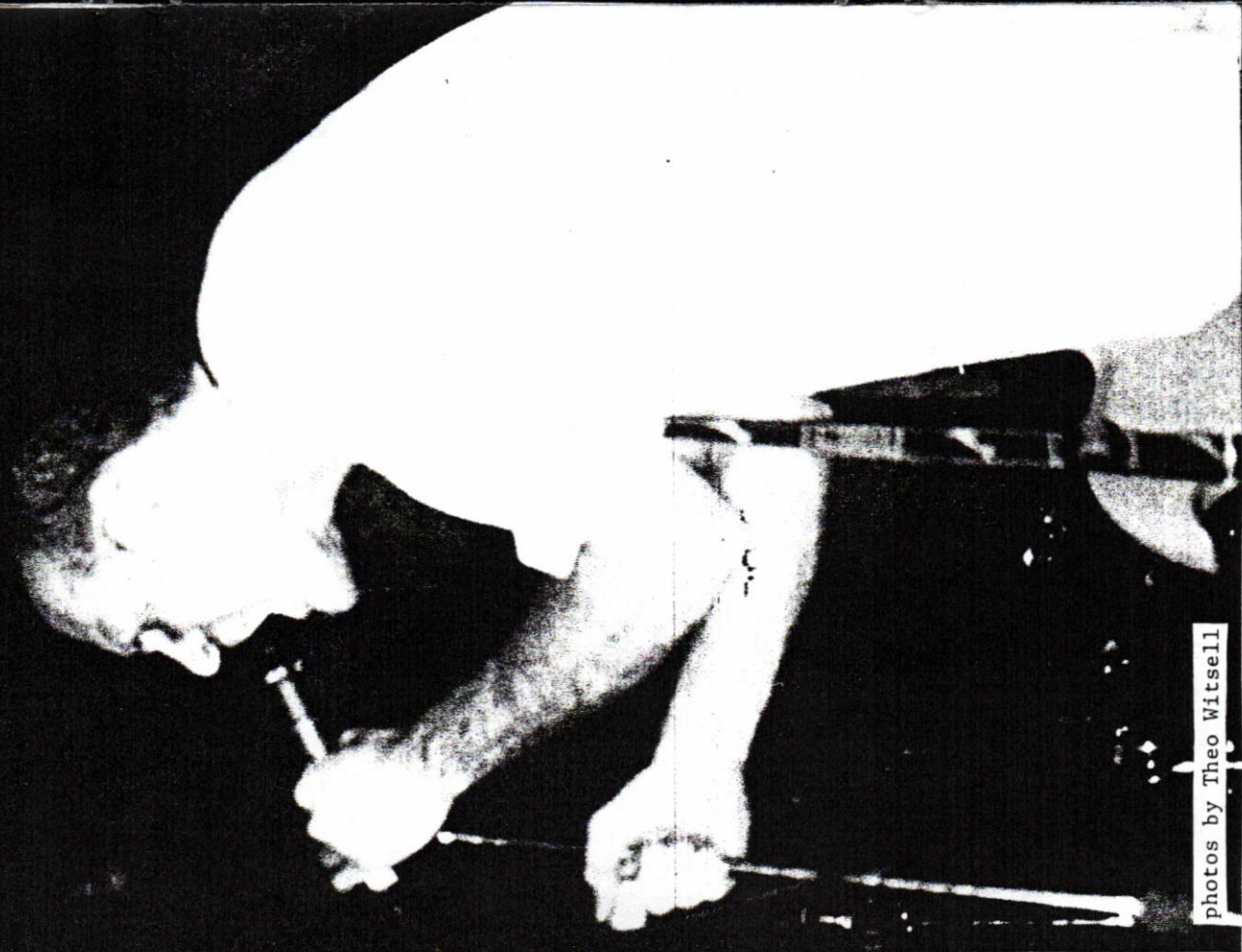
**BAD
= IDEA!**

The summer heat in Ft. Smith can have many strange effects on one's mind. Visual and auditory hallucinations, the desire to walk around air-conditioned stores for hours, a tendency to drive towards 51st and Kelley Highway, etc., etc. "Hey, we're goin' swimmin'" says Jim. "Okay." I mutter, through a thick haze of delirium and mosquitos, "Where?" "Spiro!" That really should have been my first clue. Swimming in a town whose name sounds like the prefix of some sort of deadly bacteria cannot possibly be a good idea. But as I said, heat makes the mind function strangely, often-times rationalizing things that normally wouldn't even be considered. Something happens when you cross that state line and enter Oklahoma. I can't really describe it, but the landscape changes. The air seems to hold some sort of weird aura, and the beer begins to taste like water. Maybe it's just me, though. Anyway, we arrive at the beach only to discover that there is a two dollar charge to swim, and a life-guard to make sure people don't sneak in. Doh! After some brief discussion, we decide that since we'd driven all that way, to just pay the damn fee. And they had a platform w/ a diving board and a rope swing, so it wasn't a complete rip-off. Upon entering the water, however, that theory began to disintegrate and peel away, much like my skin would later. The water itself was an off shade of green w/ a scummy film on top. I hadn't bathed in several days, but after I got out I felt dirtier than I had before I got in. Jim stayed in the shallow part, keeping an eye on his daughter. Later that afternoon, I heard her say a complete sentence for the first time. Way to go Madeline! Keep up that good parenting, Jim. Mark, Chris, Brian, and myself swim out to the platform. We hold several contests, one of which is the inevitable splash contest. Chris says that I won, w/ my patented "Can-opener". But when we got around to the "Lame Dive Contest", (not to be confused w/ the Crimphrine album of a similar title) Brian took the cake. My "Toothpick" dive was pretty lame, and Chris's "Holding-Your-Nose-And-Falling-In" dive was definitely lame, but Brian's "Walking-Cautiously-To-The-



there were alot of people there, and it had that buzz amongst the crowd that's synonymous w/ those warm, mid-summer night, outdoor shows, and my fond memories of them. The bands were all great, and everything just felt right. It was the kind of show I wish I got to go to more often. But, all of those good things aside, what I really want to point out is this: there are few things I take more pleasure in than seeing a van pull up to a show, and a bunch of bald guys get out. We live in a society that endorses being crazy while you're young. It's okay to play music, tour the country in a crusty old van, and have your politics. That is, until you begin getting older. Then it's time to calm down, get an education if you haven't already, get a career, a family, and ditch those silly idealistic political beliefs. It's time to get on w/ your life and become a productive member of society. Well I say, fuck that. I'm going to do what I want, when I want to do it. But the frustrating part is that this belief is not one of the many out-in-the-open, written-in-stone social indoctrinations that are so often confronted in the punk scene. It's not like rush limbaugh, or the ku klux klan, or mcdonald's. You don't see kids at shows wearing shirts or patches w/ catchy, anti-growing up slogans. It's more of a subtle undercurrent, and I've been watching it pull my friends below. As they begin to grow up. As they get into serious relationships or marriage. As they go to college to get degrees which will allow them to get careers. As they stop going to shows. And as they fondly reminisce about their (not so) long-gone youth. My goal w/ this, though, is not to say that you should never get married, go to college, or have a career. Those can all be fulfilling, wonderful things. What I want to discourage is for people to feel obligated to, just because they're getting older. Don't let society convince you that because you're twenty-whatever (or thirty-whatever forty-whatever, etc.) that it's time to become an adult. Live life on your own terms, w/ your own goals, and on your own schedule. I'm not real sure how things are in the Netherlands, but for me, that night, seen' Ted exemplified this subject. Here were three who had been on the planet almost as long as my parents, and yet played w/ more passion and intensity than most bands half their age. It was very inspirational to me, and I spoke about this briefly w/ the drummer. As I was getting ready to leave, I said, "hey, I'll see you in ten years." he replied, "I'll be here." and I believe him.

SEEN' RED, YAPKET KOTTO, DEATHREAT
the belvedeere pavillion, Little Rock 7-11-98



photos by Theo Witsell

Edge-,Then-Running-Back-Like-A-Sissy-,Then-Doing-It-All-Over-,Again-And-Again-Until-The-Lifeguard-Makes-You-Get-Down" dive made us look like seasoned professionals. He won the contest hands-down w/out even jumping in! After we had run out of ideas for contests, and Mark and Jim had gone back to Ft. Smith so that Mark could go to work, Chris, Brian, and me are sitting on the edge of the platform when we're approached by agirl, approximately 12 to 14 years old. "Could I ask ya'll a question?" "Uhhh, sure." "Are ya'll, like, queers?" Hmmm... I guess it was a logical question. Three skinny kids w/ tattoos and earrings in both ears, swimming in a filthy lake in Oklahoma, hell, how could we not be gay? I looked up and said, "Yes. Yes we are." "Oh. Well that's what I thought." She ran off, giggling, to inform her what-I-assumed-to-be brothers of our admitted deviancy. Now, if you've never been there, I can clue you in to an interesting little cultural thread present in most of the small towns that dot the landscape of eastern Oklahoma like flies on a horse's ass: they don't take much of a likin' to people of a questionable sexual orientation. The looks we were getting from the girl's much older and larger assumed-brothers did nothing to detract from this theory. So it was w/ that in mind that I suggested we head back to the 'Fort pronto. I guess there's a first time for everything, and conversely, alast time for everything. So that Saturday, I went swimming in Oklahoma for both the first and last times. I don't care how hot it gets next time, we're staying in Arkansas!

FIFTEEN!



photo by Joey Lucas

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